

MEDICAL



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, head-aches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever pro-duced, pleasing to the taste and ac-ceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.



CURE SICK HEAD

Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Faintness, etc. With their most remarkable success has been shown in curing.

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cure.

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cure.

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"LAUGH A LITTLE BIT."

J. Edward V. Cooke, in May St. Nicholas.
Here's a motto, just your fit;
"Laugh a little bit."
When you think you're trouble-hit,
"Laugh a little bit."
Look Misfortune in the face,
Drive the devils' rule of place;
For to one it will yield its place;
But you have the wit and grit
Just to laugh a little bit.

Keep your face with sunshine lit;
"Laugh a little bit."
Gloomy shadows off will fit
If you have the wit and grit
Just to laugh a little bit.

Cherish this as sacred writ;
"Laugh a little bit."
Keep it with you, sample it—
"Laugh a little bit."
Little bit will sure betide you,
Fortune may not sit beside you,
Men may mock and Fame deride you,
But you have the wit and grit
Just to laugh a little bit.

"TIMBUCTOO."

From the French of Guy de Maupassant.

The Boulevard, that living stream, shone resplendent in the fiery rays of the setting sun. The sky was red and blinding, while behind the Madeleine a brilliant cloud threw its golden reflections the length of the avenue. The gay, joyous crowd, moving in this flaming light, seemed to be apotheosized—their faces were gilded, their hats and coats were tinted by the crimson rays, while even their polished shoes cast golden shadows on the asphalt. Before the cafes, crowds of men were drinking from glasses that seemed to be encrusted with glowing precious stones.

In the midst of this throng of soberly dressed men, two officers, *en grande tenue*, were seated dazzling the eyes of the multitude by the splendor of their uniforms. Suddenly, a tall, stout negro, dressed entirely in white, with a vest covered with gold embroideries, his face shining as if waxed, passed the crowd with a ridiculous air of importance. He laughed incessantly, at the crowd, at the new-boys, at the brilliant sky, at all Paris. He was so tall that he towered above every one. The loungers stared at him while he stared at the two officers. Jostling and stumbling over the people in his path, he rushed forward to their table, fixing upon one of them his shining, delighted eyes, while his mouth was stretched from ear to ear, exhibiting his white teeth, which were like the moon crossing a dark sky.

The two officers gazed at the ebony giant, without understanding his emotion, or recognizing him.

In a queer voice, which made the tables ring with the laughter of the spectators, he cried, "Bon jour, mon lieutenant!"

One of the officers was chief of battalion, the other a colonel.

"I do not know you, sir, or what you wish of me," the senior officer answered.

The negro replied, "Moi love you much, Lieutenant Vedio,—seige of Bezi, si, si, ya."

The officer, astounded at this jargon, looked fixedly at the negro, searching his memory to the bottom. Suddenly he exclaimed, "Timbuctoo!"

The radiant negro clapped his thigh and uttered a cry which amounted in violence to a roar.

"Si, si, ya, ya! You know me,—Timbuctoo."

The commandant extended his hand, laughing with all his heart. Then Timbuctoo became very grave. He seized the hand of the officer, and before releasing it kissed it with rapture, according to Arabic and African custom. The embarrassed officer reproved him in severe tones. "Allons, allons, Timbuctoo! We are not in Africa. Sit down and tell me how I find you here."

Timbuctoo drew himself up with infinite dignity, and while stammering and stamping he answered, "Moi bon cuisinier, moi mange, roll teaucoup, des Prussiens."—"Which reply was accompanied with howls of joy."

When the officer, who alone understood this strange language, had questioned him at length, he dismissed him, "Au revoir, Timbuctoo. A bientot."

The negro arose, and contenting himself this time with a pressure of the hand, cried out, "Bon jour, ya, ya," gestulating and laughing as he disappeared.

The amused spectators were now convinced that he was a lunatic, while the colonel demanded, "Well, who is this black brute?"

"A good soldier, and a brave one. I am going to tell you his story. It is amusing. You recall that in 1870 I was shut up in Beziers, which the negro called Bezi. We were not besieged, but blockaded. The Prussian lines surrounded us, up to the cannon's mouth, and though they did not attack us, we were starving, little by little. I was then a lieutenant—our garrison was composed of troops of many varieties, the remains of regiments nearly annihilated, deserters, marauders,—all sorts, in fact. One evening, twelve Turks arrived. No one knew from whence, or how they came. They presented themselves at the gate, weary, battered and hungry. The men were assigned to me, and I soon learned that they were rebels against all authority, and ignored discipline. They were always out and always drunk. I tried the police quarters, then the prison—nothing succeeded. My men would disappear for entire days, as if buried in the very earth. Then they would reappear in a condition that resembled intoxication. They had no money,—Where did they drink and how?"

"This state of affairs began to puzzle me intensely, especially as these poor savages amused and interested me by their eternal good spirits. They were simply big, playful children. I observed that they blindly obeyed the tall fellow, whom you have just seen. He governed them by his strong will and led them in all their mysterious enterprises as if he were their chief. Finally I ordered them before me and questioned them closely, so eager was I to penetrate this singular 'charabia.' As for him, the poor devil made frantic efforts to be understood—invented words, gesticulated, whistled, perspired, then stopped when he fancied I had caught his meaning. I discovered that he was the son of a chief, a sort of negro king, in the neighborhood of Timbuctoo. I asked him his name. He answered with something that sounded like 'Chari hari boula hali.' It seemed to me a simpler matter to give him the name of his country, and in eight days the entire garrison so called him."

"But we were still curious to know how this savage obtained his liquor. I discovered it in a singular way. On the ramparts one morning, I was studying the horizon with my glass, when I perceived in a vineyard, a moving object. The harvest of the vintage was at hand. The grapes were nearly ready, but this made little impression on me. I fancied I had seen a spy approaching us through the vines, and I immediately organized an expedition to surround and seize the intruder. I took command myself, after receiving the sanction of the general. I ordered out three small companies, by three different routes, who were to march near the suspected vineyard and surround it. In order to cut off the retreat of the spy, one company would be obliged to march an hour or more. One

man left on the wall, to make observations, indicated by signs to me that the spy was still there. We marched in silence, bending double. We nearly crouched in the dust.

"Finally, we reached the spot. I advanced my soldiers, who sprang suddenly into the vineyard, to find only Timbuctoo, who was crawling on all fours, devouring the grapes, or rather lapping them as a dog would a bowl of milk, with open mouth—snapping the grapes with his teeth. I ordered him to get up. It was quite impossible, and I soon understood why he dragged himself on his hands and knees. As often as he was planted on this foot, he would fall flat on his nose. This poor, simple creature was really drunk. He was carried away on two props, laughing and gesticulating with hands and feet. This solved the mystery; my soldiers drank the grapes, and when too stupefied to move, they slept where they fell. As for Timbuctoo, his love for grapes passed all bounds. He simply lived in the vines like the thrush, which he hated like a jealous rival, constantly repeating, 'The birds eat all the grapes, the thieves!'

"One evening they came to tell me that a strange something was advancing towards us. I had not my glass and my sight was bad. Some one said it appeared to be a huge serpent, which uncoiled itself; others, that it was a funeral train, 'un convoi.'

"I went several men out to meet this queer caravan. I could not guess what it might be. It was this! Timbuctoo and eight of his com; anions bore in triumph a sort of an altar, upon which were ranged eight bleeding, grinning heads. The tenth negro led a horse, to the tail of which was tied another, and six beasts followed, secured in this same fashion. They told their story: Having gone into their beloved vineyard, these Africans had seen a detachment of Prussians approaching from the village. Instead of flying, they had concealed themselves, and when the officers had dismounted from their horses for refreshments at an inn, the eleven negroes had rushed upon the Uhlans, putting them to flight, and had shot the sentinels and five of the officers."

"That day, I embraced Timbuctoo, but I observed that he walked with difficulty. I asked if he was wounded, 'Moi non—mes provisions,' he replied; and then I discovered that he fought for gain—not for glory. He collected everything of the smallest value especially things which sparkled, and plunged them into a pocket which hung from his hip to thigh. He called it his 'profonde,' and profound it was. Every day he added to his collection, stripping gold from uniforms; leather from caps; buttons; pieces of tin—anything shining, until his 'profonde' was full to overflowing. He hoped to convey his collection to the land of the Ostrich, and had there been no 'profonde,' I verily believe he would have tried, like the ostrich, to swallow the things, piece by piece."

"When the general heard of the work of Timbuctoo he ordered the dead soldiers to be buried in haste, in order that it might not be discovered that they had been beheaded. Next day the Prussians returned and shot the mayor of the village, with seven of his best citizens, presuming that they had been betrayed to our men. Winter came and we were desperate, harassed, starving. The negroes alone remained fat and vigorous and always ready for fight."

"Timbuctoo was growing visibly stouter. He said to me one day, 'Toi, very hungry. I have good meat,' and he brought me an excellent *filet*. We had no beef, or sheep, mutton or goats, nor were there pigs or asses. It was now impossible to procure even horse meat. I thought of all this after devouring the *filet*. Then a horrible thought oppressed me. These negroes were born near the land of man-eaters. Soldiers were constantly falling into the village. I questioned Timbuctoo, who did not care to reply, nor did I insist, but I refused his presents of *filet* thereafter."

"He adored me. One night the snow surprised us at the outer posts. We were on the ground, and I looked with pity upon the poor shivering negroes, cowering under this freezing, white dust. I also suffered from cold and commenced to cough. Suddenly I felt something large and warm cover my shoulders. It was the cloak of Timbuctoo."

"I arose and handed it to him, saying, 'Keep it, poor fellow. You need it more than I.' He answered, 'No, no—it is poor toi,' and declared that he was warm, insisting that I should keep it, until I was forced to command him to take it. He stood up, seized the cloak, and taking his sword, would have cut it in pieces, but for my accepting it."

"Eight days later, we had surrendered. A few escaped, but the majority went to the village, giving ourselves up to the conqueror. I was directed to the Place d'Armes, where we were to unite, when I found myself face to face with a negro giant dressed in white cotton and wearing a straw hat. I was overwhelmed with amazement and surprise. It was the radiant Timbuctoo, who prom-naded before a shop with his hands in his pockets. The window was decorated with plates and glasses. I asked what he was doing there. He replied, 'Moi, mange des Prussiens, roll teaucoup. I will not run away. I good cook.'

"I shuddered with horror before this negro in white cotton, who, smiling at us, took me by the arm and made me enter his shop. I saw a sign leaning against the wall awaiting our departure to be hung outside, for he was ashamed. It read thus:

Cuisine Militaire de M. Timbuctoo
Ancien Cuisinier de S. M. l'Empereur.
Artiste au
Prix Moderes.

"In spite of my horror and despair, I could not resist laughing, and I left the negro to his new occupation."

"This was better than becoming a prisoner, and you observe that he has been successful. Beziers to-day belongs to the Germans. The restaurant of Timbuctoo was the beginning of our revenge."

For nearly half a century Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has been the most popular cough remedy in the world. This constantly increasing demand for this remedy proves it to be the very best specific for colds, coughs and all diseases of the throat and lungs.

Not So Bad After All.
E. V. Wood, of McKee's Rocks, Allegheny county, Pa., in speaking to a traveling man of Chamberlain's medicine said: "I recommend them above all others. I have used them myself and know them to be reliable. I always guarantee them to my customers and have never had a bottle returned." Mr. Wood had hardly finished speaking when a little girl came in the store with an empty bottle. It was labeled "Chamberlain's Pain Balm." The traveler was interested, as there was certainly a bottle coming back, but waited to hear what the little girl said. It was as follows: "Mamma wants another bottle of that medicine; she says it is the best medicine for rheumatism she ever used." 50-cent bottles for sale by druggists.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

FINANCE AND TRADE.

The Features of the Money and Stock Markets.

New York, April 29.—Money easy; last loan 2 per cent, closed offered at 2 per cent. Prime mercantile paper 3½ per cent. Sterling exchange quiet but steady at \$167 5/8. Sales 24,233 shares.

The event of the day, and in fact of the week, was the heavy game of an extraordinary export to-day, and as this had been expected in some quarters to be followed immediately by a heavy selling movement in the stock market, there was considerable speculation on the part of the usual consequence of a reaction of business, with a decline in prices, but to-day the latter was evidently caused, not by the anxiety of holders to get rid of their stocks, but by selling for short account, and that by the professional element almost exclusively. The influence of this selling was only temporary, and the market was very limited one, and except in Reading, Atchafalpa, Union Pacific, St. Paul and Chicago Gas there was little or no animation, and a smart upward movement in the latter part of the day. The dealings were followed by stagnation in those shares, with some decline in railroad stocks. The late dealings developed a heavy demand for the coal and specialties. The market, however, was quiet and strong at the best prices.

Railroad bonds moderately active.

Government and state bonds dull and steady.

BONDS AND STOCK QUOTATIONS—CLOSED RICH.

U. S. 4½ reg.	117 1/2	New York Central	117 1/2
U. S. 4½ reg.	117 1/2	Chicago & North Western	117 1/2
U. S. 4½ reg.	117 1/2	Illinois Central	117 1/2
U. S. 4½ reg.	117 1/2	St. Paul & Northern Pacific	117 1/2
U. S. 4½ reg.	117 1/2	Rock Island	117 1/2
U. S. 4½ reg.	117 1/2	Atchafalpa	117 1/2
U. S. 4½ reg.	117 1/2	Union Pacific	117 1/2
U. S. 4½ reg.	117 1/2	Chicago & Great Western	117 1/2
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